

2Pac Lyrics

"Run Tha Streetz"

(feat. Mutah, Storm, Michel'le)

[Michel'le:]

You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
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[2Pac:]

Hey yo, Storm, honestly I think
I can fuck with a motherfucker like you
See, I don't like a motherfucker that be all on me and shit
All up under a nigga, tellin' me where I can go
Can she go with me? When I'm comin' home?
And all that ol' crazy shit, type of life I live

Now peep it, here go the secret on how to keep a playa
Some love makin' and homecookin', I'll see you later
It don't take a lot to keep a nigga heart
Must be a lady in the light but real freaky in the dark
Plus I got some enemies, baby, hold my pistol
And wrap your arms around a nigga every time I kiss you
Can you visualize the picture: me and you in ecstasy?
Don't be upset, it's good sex, when you next to me
Do you wanna test me, put your tired head on my chest?
A thug nigga's in the house, now you can rest
I bet'cha never screamed a nigga's whole name out
And felt the pleasure and the pain
'Bout to fuck the very taste out your mouth
You can call me when you need me
1-800-SKYPAGE, when you wanna see me
'Cause I can be your man and, baby, you can be my lady
But you gotta give a nigga space or you'll drive me crazy
Run the streets

[Michel'le:]

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[Storm:]

Yo 'Pac, you know I'm 16 strong behind you boo
But I gotta do what I gotta do
I gotta run the streets, you know
I ain't no "clean up woman" type of ho
You know

Now me and you is cool, but I ain't the one to play the fool
Can't make no money in bed, so ain't no future fuckin' you
I ain't the bitch that love ya, can't do a damn thang for you
If you ain't about money, nine outta ten I'll ignore you
It's a man's world, but real women make the shit go 'round
Disrespect and I clown the type of bitch to throw down
Throw up the block 'cause nothin' stops my chips
A boss playa with this, that twist you lame tricks
Holla if you understand my plan, ladies, fuck havin' babies
By them shady-ass niggas, swearin' he can save me
My strategy's official, checkin' ya pockets while I tongue kiss you
Soft as tissue, so my next issue is how to diss you
They call me Storm, from the day I was born
I've been known to break the coldest mothafucka 'til his heart's warm
I ain't never been the type to wait at home alone
Just 'cause we bone don't mean you own me, nigga, I'm grown

[Michelle:]

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[2Pac:]

Hahhahaha, yeah nigga
Let a nigga hang out with the homies, you know, baby
Ay, a nigga that hang out more will come home and love you better—you feel me, sweetheart? Let that nigga be
free!
Don't have that nigga all up under you!
Let him run with his niggas!
Let the nigga run the street, boo, let him run the streets!

[Mutah:]

I'd rather run the streets then make some mail
And put the game down tight
For these gamin' bitches could get it right
It might be yo' plan that I'm choosin'
Don't get it confusion
Because I'm known for showin' examples how I do it
Thinkin' I'm new to this because I'm younger
Why only leave you suspicious and I wonder
And at the end I'll make a come up
Nigga, was raised up off of M.O.B
Fetti over somethin' that's tellin' me don't run the streets

[2Pac:]

So tell me, am I wrong
For tryin' to communicate through a song?
I'm up early in the morning, by sunrise I'll be gone
All my homies is waitin' for me
Plottin' on plans that we made and all the fun that it's gonna be
So meet me at 3' and don't be late, nigga
We hangin' out all night while drinkin' straight liquor

I heard it's poppin' at a club
But they say I can't get in 'cause I'm dressed like a thug
Until I die I'll be gang related
Got me strivin' for a million, stayin' motivated
Now that we made it, it's a battle just for the big money
I'm livin' wild, no smiles, 'cause ain't a thing funny
I came up hungry, just a lil nigga tryna make it
I only got one chance so I gotta take it
You never know when it's all gonna happen
The rappin' or the drugs
But until then give me love and let me run the streets

[Michel'le:]

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[2Pac:]

Let a nigga run the streets, boo
Page me, hahah, I'll call you back
Just let me hang with my niggas
Why you actin' like that Michel'le, ha?
You know nigga wanna kick it with his homeboys and shit
I told you I was comin' back later on, right?
So you don't believe a nigga?
Just cook for a nigga, pleaaase!
Make some of that shit you made last meal
Some of them ribs and shit
I'll be back through later tonight, I'm havin' some weed
We finna drink some Hennessy and some Alize
We finna eat that foods, smoke a lil blunt
Lay up in the bed, watch umm... Jay Leno or somethin'
Then after that? Shit, we could do whatever comes to mind, baby
Just let a nigga run with the homies
Let me go kick it with my niggas
When I come back, I be all yours, for real

[Michel'le:]

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